HIS VIEWS OF NEWSPAPERS-HIS EARLY CAREER-HIS RELATIONS WITH THE IRISH | the Irish were then Parnellites-accused their owner IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

London, October 20. If Mr. Balfour read the papers he might or night not be gratified by the culogies poured out on him these last few days. But he does not read the papers. That is one of his peculiarities, and that may account, in part, for the distinction of mind which he preserves amid the confesions and ignoble influences of political life. Emerson "If we should give to the great writers, to Milton or Bacon or Wordsworth, the time we give to the newspapers—but who dare speak of such a thing?" I know not whether Mr. Balfour is a reader of Emerson, nor whether he ever spoke in public of such a thing as his omission to read those sources of intelligence-and of other things-which we call newspapers. But his view and Emerson's are in effect the same, and I imagine no public man of his time has known so little of the contents of the press from day to day as Mr Balfour. Of course he loses something by It is conceivable that he may this abstention. also gain something. In most matters there is a balance of loss and gain, and Mr. Balfour long since satisfied himself that for him there was more to be gained in other quarters than in the daily press of Had his lot been cast in America h view might have been different. That is a matter of speculation into which we need not now enter.

But what I wish to point out is that Mr. Balfour's power of not reading newspapers may be a key, or one key, to a very original and interest The conception of public life ing character. without newspapers is individual; entirely peculiar to him, I imagine. I know of nobody else in England who holds it or practises it. The reading of newspapers may be likened to the use of intoxicating liquors, of which some people take more and some less; hardly anybody abstains alto gether. I mean hardly anybody in public life in this country; a few fanatics excepted who are hardly in public life. So engrossing are the occupations of those who have the conduct of affairs that many find little time to devoic to newspapers. You may often hear a Minister who is questioned in the House of Commons about some story in a paper make answer that he has not seen it. He reads, as it were, by proxy. The journals of the day are read for him by one of his private secretaries, and marked, or extracts from them laid before him; extracts which refer to his own department of business.

If you travel up to town by rail any morning you will see how the Englishman of the period reads his paper. He toils through it with a conscientiousness which is admirable; all conscientiousness is admirable. He reads only one, but he reads that thoroughly; editorials and all, and the beholder wonders in what condition his mind must be when the operation has been accomplished, and the last word reached. Does he digest this multifarious mass? But such an inquiry takes us too far. I want the newspaper reader of the railway only as a contrast, and he would be just as good a contrast if he had been caught in a club or at his own breakfast-table; best of all perhaps at the latter, where he absorbs all this printed wisdom into his system, very much as he does his coffee and boiled eggs.

An eminent Gladstonian who will some day lead the remains of the Gladstonian party has a theory that the influence of the English press is slight and the influence of the leading article, or editorial, slighter still. He is a man who finds pleasure in paradox But if he really held the view which ft amuses him to maintain in the presence of journalists, he might be asked to consider the newspaper reader of the kind just mentioned; him and his ways. If he studied him he would as soon think of saying that his coffee and boiled eggs had no influence on his physical system as that his newspaper had no influence on his mental system. Later in the day the same man pours out to his neighbor what he has gathered; each of them imparts these same views to the other, and neither of them sus pects that his own or his friend's wisdom is not entirely spontaneous and original. His thinking has been done for him, and done so eleverly that he fully believes he has done it himself. There is a story that Southey was once describing to Mme. de Stael the distribution of his time; so many hours of reading before breakfast on one subject, and on many hours after breakfast and so many hours writing, and then more reading, till the whole day was gone. "And pray, Mr. Southey," inquired the Frenchwoman, "when do you think?" The same question might be put to the kind of reader I have been describing.

Mr. Balfour, it may be imagined, does his thinkme and much else during the hours when the Philistine is having his done for him. Upon his first entry into public life his opponents derided his gifts as academic. They thought him a man of books, and, what they despised still more, a mere thinker, a man to whom metaphysics were more than the machine; another John Stuart Mill, and a lesser. It was long before he troubled himself to disturb this notion. He took no very active part in the business of the House, or even in the conduct of those affairs which the Fourth Party, of which he was a kind of honorary member, made their own. He was thought indifferent if not indolent. He was in no hurry. He seemed to care little for the reputation to be gained by debate. He spoke none too often, and rather negligently. The observer in the House, he who took note of novelties, might sometimes hear a flashing sentence which fell from Mr. Balfour's lips in a tone very unlike the deliverances of the average debater; a sentence equally incisive and illuminative. The manner was gentle, easy, impassive; as if the object he had before him in speaking were hardly worth an effort. This manner misled the House, which is jealous and tolerates nothing like neglect of its own good opinion, and demands conformity to its own standards. It changed very gradually It was never really flung off till Mr. Balfour became Irish Secretary, and even then the manner changed less than

There was a point of likeness between him and a very different personage, Lord Hartington. Both of them were the same armor; neither cared one straw for the shafts which the Irish brigade launched against them. It used to be matter of complaint against Mr. Balfour that he showed too plainly his contempt for the calumnies and insults which the Irish showered upon him as they had upon every previous Irish Secretary, and will upon his successor; and, I suppose, upon all Irish Secretaries to the end of time. The Irish are deficient in imagination, and slow to perceive that their Saxon foe may really despise accusations which he and they know to be the offspring of political animosity. Presently, however, they discovered that they had met their match in debate and more than their match. If the new Secretary had ever been indolent he had woke up. Serious duties had fallen upon him, and in the presence of serious duties the dilettante element in his character vanished. The intellectual energy and the courage which he had heretofore applied to the problems of the closet were new seen to be equally capable for the market place and the forum.

Mr. Balfour became the most formidable debater whom the Irish had had to confront in that office. They had set themselves to exasperate him, and they ended by being themselves exasperated. They could not make him angry and they were angry because they could not. The power of polite repartee was a greater power than the mere abuse and vulgar invective which it was employed to meet. A storm of insulting personalities raged The Irish had met nothing quite so disconcerting before as this nonchalance of bearing, united with the capacity of easy retort upon those who beset him. Mr. Forster, Sir George Troelyan, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, each in his own way, had proved not perhaps unequal to the contest, but nsitive. It was possible to inflict pain on all of them, and possible for none of them wholly to conceal the pain he endured; heroically but Campbell Bannerman puzzled them by his stoicism—the stoicism of a tough ha-

cure on which mere taunts fell harmlessly-but his attitude was purely defensive, and he had no talent for making his foes suffer otherwise than from the failure of their attacks.

Mr. Balfour had only to be himself. He is tall and slim, with long legs, and his long legs were for awhile an Irish grievance. The Parnellites-all of "sprawling" on the Treasury Bench. The awful accusation has again been heard since the late Secretary has become First Lord of the Treasury. Dr. Holmes said that the American was the only person who knew what to do with the small of his back, and he sits on it. I am afraid Mr. Balfour did as much, and when this feat had been accom plished, his legs seemed to become their own masters: they wound themselves into knots and unwound themselves, and assumed various angles to the rest of his body, and each attitude was to the angry Irishman on the watch for evil meanings an attitude of offence. The worst of it was that these contortions occurred while the attack on him from the Irish benches was hottest, and while every nerve and sinew in his body, legs included, ought to have been strained and tense to meet the storm What business had an Irish Secretary's lower limits to be amusing themselves while the Irish patriot was proving the Irish Secretary to be a monster of ruelty and iniquity? No doubt it was provoking. It was more provoking still when the same legs were called on to support the weight-no very great weight- of their rightful master; when he was it House of Commons phrase, on them, and meeting the hurricanes and whirlwinds of Parnellite rheteric with a calmness and a polished serenity of deportment, which did more than anything else to envince the patriotic and anguished Irish soul that the hurricanes and whirlwinds had been got up in vain. If I may be forgiven for saying so, there was in the treatment which both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Parnell accorded to the representatives of Ireand something equally hateful to these representatives. Mr. Parnell was their superior, and there is, on the whole, nothing which the inferior soul so much resents as superiority.

WHY THE PEOPLE STARED AT HER.

AWKWARD ADVENTURE OF A WESTERN WOMAN IN BROADWAY.

"I visited New-York for the first time in my last week," said a good-natured Western other day, "though my husband, who was with me, knew the city pretty well from frequent business calls to the East. I was naturally much interested, not to say excited, by the noise and hubbub in the streets, and my husband had amused himself by imagining in what way I would show my country breeding, and 'give myself away for a hayseed,' as he called it. I was therefore on my guard. True, when he showed me Broadway, the far-famed Broadway that I had read and sung and dreamed about, now all one big ditch, filled with dirt and Iron and pipes and mud and stone-orbshers and barrels and tar, I exclaimed And is this Broadway?' and was just about to add Where are they taking it to?" when I checked myself in time to escape his derision.
"I got along quite well till we entered an unpreten

tious restaurant, for we could not afford to spend much money. My kusband told me to order what I wanted, as he did not feel like eating anything. I asked the waiter for lamb. 'One lamb!' he called promptly to the cook, as he gave me a glass of water. 'Gracious,' want of it,' said my hasband, dryly. 'Certainly not,' I Walter, I don't want amb. Make it raw oysters.' 'Make that lamb one oyster raw, raw!' he called, so angrily that I was afraid to tell him I wanted a dozen. But when he brought the order I found that he had six on the piate, and I thought it was a mistake, and that he would only charge me for one in the bill if I said nothing about-it.
"I did not confide this hope to did not confide this hope husband, as I knew he not countenance it, and he told me afterward that he admired my self-control in not showing surprise at the six oysters when I fully expected only one. ordered several other things besides ovsters, and was slow about finishing them, my husband left me in order to keep a business engagement, and we agreed to meet again in one hour at Tifany's. He paid my bill and left me eating slewly at the little

table, which was near the door; so near that when I passed out into the street, I did not go near the clerk. "As I turned into Broadway alone, I noticed that several people whom I passed, stared at me curiously this from men, thinking it impertinence but when some women tittered, I looked down at my hands, my skirts, my shoes, etc., but could see nothing out of place, and I knew that even if my were somewhat countryfied in cat, were not far enough behind the feshion to warrant such rudeness, even in New-York. Still the people stared at me and some turned to look after me. One woman made a motion as if to stop me and speak to me, but now, thoroughly hot and angry, I tossed my hend tudigmantly and almost ran. tossed my head indignantly and atmost ran.

"As I reached Tiffany's, panting and any. I saw
my husband afar off, and as he approached me I
noticed him stare also, then grin and then burst out
laughing.

"What do you mean?' said I angrily.

"What's that tucked under your chin?' he splut-

"What's that theked under your clim? he spintered as well as he could for laughing.
"I put my hand up to my throat and pulled away a horrid little table-napkin, not particularly clean, with a vulgar red border around it and with the name "Centennial Restaurant" stamped on it in big black

SECRETARY TRACY TALKS ABOUT HORSES

SUNOL'S RECENT ACHIEVEMENT-PREDICTING TROTTED MILE IN TWO MINUTES.

The Washington Post.

From The Washington Post.

"Sunol is a wonderful mare," said Secretary of the Navy Tracy yesterday afternoon. General Tracy is the owner of Kentucky Wilkes, recent proprietor of the great stallion Mambrino Dudley, and, until he became a member of the Cabinet, one of the most extensive breeders of the fast light-harness horse in the United States.

"I should, however, were she mine, great as her performance was on the kite-shaped track at Stochton, have preferred that she should have lowered the world's trotting record a quarter of a second over a circular track. Indeed, I think she must yet go over a circular track before she can be considered a faster mare than Maud S. Neverthelese, I think Mr. Bonner has great reason to be proud of the wonderful mare, for she seems to have the flight of a bird and the power to sustain it. Having said this much, I am now prepared to say that within ten years the two-minute irotter will have arrived. The proposition may seem startling to some, but I firmly believe that a trotter will be found within that period that willi trot a full mile within the time named.

"Why, just ponder for a moment over the records made this summer. The result is certainly startling to those who care to investigate the matter, and the most remarkable feature in the case is that the greatest record-breakers are the youngaires. Here, only yesterday, Senator Stanford's yearling filly Belle Bird irotted a full mile in 2:261-4. Arion, a 2-year-old stallion, trotted a full mile in 2:241-2. These are indeed marvellons feats, even granting that the kite track has superior advantages over the regulation one. While I have not sat deliberately down to figure the matter out to an exact nicety, my impression is that the highest flights of speed shown this year are proportionately greater than those of the running thoroughbred."

"General, from what strains of blood will the two-minute trotter come!"

"It is, I think, generally conceded that three greatest restricting strains of our day are those of Electionese."

"General, from what strains of blood will the twominute trotter come?"

"It is, I think, generally conceded that three greatest trotting strains of our day are those of Electioneer,
wilkes and Nntwood. The two-minute trotter may
possibly come from one of these great families, or,
perhaps, from a commingling of the three.

"Senator stanford, in a recent interview, is quoted
as saying that, in his opinion, the limit of the American trotter will be about 2.06,

"I would be willing to bet that within five years"
time the record will be reduced to two minutes for a
full mile."

"Will Sunol or Nancy Hanks be the one to do the
trick?"

"That is a difficult question to answer. Nancy
Hanks is a great mace. As a race mare she has shown

"That is a difficult question to answer. Nancy Hanks is a great mare. As a race mare she has shown herself Sunol's superior. If Nancy Hanks has not been injured in her races during the past summer. I am not certain but she may later on lower Sunol's recent time at Stockton, and she may ultimately trot in 2:06. No one except her driver and trainer seems to know anything about her utmost limit of speed, and Doble isn't talking much for publication these days on the subject.

The trotting season, now about closed, has tended "The frotting season, now around constitute the theory that a mare of greiding is generally faster than a stallion. The average records, I think, tend to demonstrate that the stallion has a triffer the best of it. I have not given the matter careful study, but that is my impression."

WALES BEWIGGED.

Prom The Western Mercury.

It is stated, "on very good authority," that the Prince of Wales has decided that on his return to London he will take up and interest himself in, even more pronouncedly than he has hitherto done, the important question of the dwellings of the poor. The majerity of people know that the Prince has already done much in this direction. In addition to presiding at conferences on the subject, H. R. II. has figured as a champion "s...mmer." He has visited some of the most notorious quarters in the East End of the mertopolis, peering into thieves' dens and other still more disreputable places, where fifth and squalor have been expensively except to perhaps, lines not been known at these times, except to perhaps, one individual who accompanied him; on more than one occasion he has not been content with donning shabby attire, but has assumed a wig and a false beard. The Prince, however, apparently feels very keenly on the subject of the amelioration of the poorer classes, and is extremely desirous to do his best on their beingif. Prom The Western Mercury.

STRIFE IN ALBERT LEA.

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN OF WAXWORTH AGAINST WAXWORTH.

the Editor of The Tribune Sir: I write you from Albert Lea County, South Dakota, a long way from New-York, I admit—so far that you will doubtless be inclined to say "Please don't!" When I explain that I want to tell you about our local politics here, you think you aren't in-terested in the local campaign in Albert Lea County. but you don't know of a certain feature of it. but you don't may but a course, there are the usual every-fall aspects of the Albert Lea campaign. Colonel George, the lawyer, is sunning for the Legislature, and Judge Hobert, the other lawyer, is opposed to him. Henry Boyle and H. P. Harkett, not having ever been able to take care of any of their own money, are each running for There is considerable bitternes over the candidacies of Drs. Starow and Buszaway for the office of coroner, each claiming that he should elected so that he can "sit on" the cases of sudden death produced by the other in his regulapractice. I grieve to say that these two able practitioners have descended to personalities all through the campaign. Dr. Starow refers to Dr. Buzzaway as the campage. "that animated upas-tree with his shoulder under the rate of mortality boosting hard," and Dre Buzzaway said recently in speaking of Dr. Starow: is not fit, my hearers, that the man fair county should be in a position to investigate them officially. And my good friend Holuhocker here tells me that the scoundrel is about to open an under taker's shop, too. Down with the menopolist!" There are too-bear with me a moment

will come to the realty unique feature of our compaign there are, also, the usual charges against Colonel George and Judge Hobert, the before-menfloned candi dates for the Legislature. It has been discovered by the opposition paper, "The Ironclad," that Colonel George changed his name from Wiggins when he came out here from Pennsylvania five years ago, having beer convicted of arson and escaping through a "technicality n the county jail," this being "The Ironclad" acctions way of indicating a broken bar on one of the prison windows. It calls him the "alias candidate telivered to us from the county jail by the hand of an unlucky fate." The other paper, "The Torpedo, says this is "an unjust lie," and then proceeds what I suppose it would call a just lie, about Judge Hobert. It says that he was convicted in Michigan of defrauding a poor widow with fourteen children, and didn't even have the grace to change his name when he came West. People are disposed to believe the story, but think that "The Torpedo" has put the number of the lady's children unnecessarily high. But this whole matter of excavating the States' records of candidates is, I think, to be deplored. The best people have frowned on it since the carliest Territ days. My experience with 'em is that they have all done quite enough meanness for all practical political purposes since they have been out here. Now, having kept you waiting as long as I have, I will tell you of feature of our campaign which makes it different from all other campaigns, ancient or modern.

You know that we have woman suffrage in this State to a certain extent. Our women are men, as it were, in regard to school matters. We have had unber of county superintendents of schools from among the sex in the State since the law was passed. It is expensive sometimes, too, from the large number of special elections it makes necessary. You may know about the perfectly bewildering matrimonial fa ditties which this country affords. weman simply can't remain in that state here. The fact that she is county superintendent of pub struction doesn't help her any. Down in Bon Homme County they elected a young woman superintendent a year ago. She celebrated her victory by marrying the county auditor and resigning. Then they elected another, In two months she became the wife of the sherift and she resigned. The sturdy electors of Bon Homme tried it again. No go: in March she was led to the altar by the county corener, and of course resigned. The voters of Bon Homme were arouse They elected another lady, this time of extremely uncertain age but of highly certain looks-I mean that though a most estimable woman she was far, very far, from being a beauty. Inside of a month the county treasurer and the judge of probate a duel about her. The judge survived-or all of him except two fingers, at least-and married the lady She resigned her office. The proud freemen of Bot Homme were erushed at last. They have had n chool superintendent since. running for the office in Bon Homme: and it seem reasonable to suppose that one of them will get it
Albert Lea decided to profit by the experience

"No unmarried superintendents! was the cry. So when the Farmers' Alliance party met in convention they looked around for a married woman, with a husband in good health, who They finally decided on Mrs. take the office. They finally decided on Mrs Halsey P. Waxworth, or as she is known politi ically of course, Mrs. Cynthia Ann Warworth She is an experienced teacher, and a woman of great brain power. Her husband is an old teacher, and is called Professor Waxworth. candidate for the independent nomination for the Legislature. When the Independent convention met Professor failed to have enough votes, and Major Potts welked off with the prize. The Professor was furious and threatened to bolt, which would have meant Reviand B. Merritt. The Independents saw that some thing must be done, so they said to the Professor: "Be calm and we will nominate you for county superin-tendent of schools," "But," answered the Professor "my wife has already been nominated for that office by the Alliance folks." "True," replied the Inde by the Alliance folks." pendents, "quite true. Tell her to withdraw and you will have a clear field." The Professor made no audi ble reply, but his looks are said to have spoken severa large volumes. He sat down and was lost in thought, but later he announced in a small voice, after look ing over his shoulder, that he would accept. "I have decided, though," he continued, "not to order Mrs. Waxworth to withdraw. I am convinced that it would

not be good-er-politics."

Now, Mr. Editor, I claim that this is the first in Now, Mr. Editor, I claim that this is the first in-stance where woman and husband have been opposed to each other for a political office. Albert Lea stands in the van of human progress. There have been, of course, strange complications in Kansas since women were emancipated, as, for instance, the case of the woman police justice at Silver Bird, who, when she wants an \$8 bonnet, has her husband brought before per and fines him \$10 for drankenness, but remits the fine upon his agreeing to get the bonnet. But I don't believe that a married couple ever ran for the same office, even in Kansas. The campaign of the Wax worths has been interesting. Each has stumped the county and "The Ironelad" supports the Professor and The Torpedo" Mrs. Waxworth. The novel encounter netween these two engines of progress are sometim wonderful to witness. gressive and goes steaming about Albert Lea with its big mis constantly fundering. "The Torpedo" is quieter, but it goes on still hunts which are pretty nearly sublime, and sometimes, when "The Ironclad" runs on "The Torpedo" unknowingly, there is an ex-plosion that fairly lifts that important craft out of the water. "The Ironclad" has claimed that Mrs. Wax-worth has not got the executive ability and force of character which is needed in the office of school super intendent. "The Torpedo" has challenged the Pro flessor to come out and say so himself. So far, this worthy gentleman has dedged the issue. Mrs. Waxworth has attacked the Professor's education. He is weak, she has told the electors of Albert Lea, on vulga fractions. He is all right on the higher branches-trigonometry, astronomy and so forth-but the funda-tions of his education were neglected. She has seen him sit and state ut one of her dressmaker's bills for twenty minutes, when she could have added it up in three. He adds, she claims, on his fingers, while she does it in her head. If he should happen to lose some of his fingers, as did the Bon Homme judge, his accounts would all go wrong.

of his fingers, as did the Bon Homme Judge, his accounts would all go wrong.

The Waxworths were advertised for a joint public dehate here in Hig Strunger, where we all live, last night. When folks referred to it they put a strong emphasis on the 'public,' as if the Waxworth's had given private ones before, and I suppose they have had. Well, last night the Alpha and Omega Hall was crowded, but the Professor did not make his appearance. After a few minutes and some singing by the Vigilantes gless club, Mrs. Waxworth got up and said that we would now proceed with the debate, as she knew what the Professor would say anyhow. She suspected, she said, that he was at home, figuring up his campaign expenses on his fingers. This brought cheers from the women, who are all of them supporting Mrs. Waxworth except Mrs. Worcester, who is predjudied because Worcester paid some attention to Mrs. Waxworth before either were married another the suiters of the habit of the man and the word of the man and the women grosned. Mrs. Worcester cheered, and the modern of the baby to sleep before she left home by singing campaign in songs to her, and she knew that she was still slambering. The women cheered, and the men and Mrs. Worcester cheered, and the modern of the haby to sleep before she left home by singing campaign in songs to her, and she knew that she was still slambering. The women cheered, and the men and Mrs. Worcester cheered, and the modern of the home of the haby to sleep before she left home by singing campaign in songs to her, and she knew that she was still slambering. The women cheered, and the men and Mrs. Worcester cheered, and the men and Mrs. Worcester she left home by singing campaign in the men and man the men and the men

floor with her, but he floor with her, but he floor with her, but it!" purpose, and I know it!" purpose, and it know it some worth, and the men grouned, and worth, and the other and the other worth, continuing her remarks. "Is it not as me the man's business to take care of the beby as woman's! (Cries of "More!" from the women hisses from the men and Mrs. Worcester.) He with little dear up, let him walk on through the sit watches of the night while we, fellow-women, discutte questions which are paramount to the irele and approar. Mrs. Waxwers the children back home. He said now collected walking. The baby continued to vocificate walking. The baby continued to vocificate walking. The baby and went off the stage tow snatched the baby and went off the stage tow snatched the baby and went off the stage tow snatched the baby and went off the stage tow snatched the baby and left after loudly denoun then reorganized and platfor and then reorganized and platfor and the snatched the s reason that the meeting adjourned. I do not worth spoke two hours and demolished his wife's numents. Then the meeting adjourned. I do not we what the end is going to be. "The Ironclad" i "The Torpedo" both come out this afternoon, and is expected that they will be something terrific ople are gathering from the surrounding country to early copies. The Professor stayed at a hotel law this. Worcester stayed at another. No man know that is coming. History is indeed being made it is. People are gathering from the surron get early coples. The Professor stay-night. Worcester stayed at another. what is coming. History is indeed Albert Lea. Big Stranger, S. D., Oct. 27, 1891.

WHAT A LOCOMOTIVE RUNS DOWN.

EVERYTHING FROM TRAINS TO GEESE AND A

ENGINEER TELLS HOW IT ALL PEELS. "Yes," said an engineer who had grewn gray in th service of the company, as he stood beside his loco-motive, in Jersey City, the other day, "the suspense attending a run-over accident when you are on a engine smothers one. I can assure you," he continued. wiping a blotch of oil off the side rod with a piece of waste, "that I am somewhat of an authority on the subject, because I have had the misfortune to run over about everything from a chicken to a fire engine.

"You would naturally think that a collision, whe

your own life was in imminent danger would cause you nore anxiety than anything eise, but it doesn't. Usually collision occurs before you know where you are You are sailing along over the rails, trying to keep as near your schedule time as you can, when suddenly omething shows up before you. With me it ha always been the rear of a train, for I have never tried to pass an engine on the same track coming tr an opposite direction. In an instant you slam on the brakes reverse the engine and wait for th crash, and the engine buries herself in the caboose cars of the train you strike. Then you make the nost of a bad job, and if you are not at fault for the accident and no one is injured or killed, you soon forget all about it. But it is entirely different when you run over a human being. You are speeding along and see a man on the track in front of you. At firs you think that he will hear the train, just as thousands have heard it before, and get off the track in time, but he goes on with his back toward you and you pul the whistle string and the engine shricks her warning He does not hear even that, so you try to stop th train. The air brakes are put on, the engine is re versed and the great drivers begin working backward ending fire in showers from the shining steel rails while sparks of live costs from the furnace shoot fro the stack high up into the sky, as the monster groun

and struggles vainly trying to stop the train behind "While you draw nearer and nearer the victim the suspense is absolutely beyond description. All efforts are useless. You feel a slight jar as the poor devistruck, and a cold sweat breaks out all over you body, and a mint feeling comes over you, until you fal back on your seat, sick at heart, and wonder what the fate of the man was and whether he leaves a family and what sadness there will be when they news at home. You think that you would like to stop railroading and earn a living at something else. Mean time the train has come to a standstill. The engine has ceased her struggles and the only sound you is the throbbing of the air-brake as it pumps back and forth, making a noise like the breathing of some exhausted beast. The baggage-master, conductor and brakeman rush out of the cars and take all that is left of the victim from under the wheels.

"Well, you know his fate now. As soon as you are signalied to go ahead, and as you touch the throttle the engine leaps forward engerly as if she were anxious to leave the dreadful place behind, and in a moment the thought of the accident is driven by other work from your busy mind.

"A pig is a dangerous thing to run over, likely to throw the locomotive off the track. When the pilot of the engine hits him it usually knocks him down and then rolls him for a few yards under it be-fore the trucks strike him, and when they do there are almost certain to follow the trucks, and if yo don't go down the bank you are lucky. So you se what havor one pig can make with a railroad. An other disagreeable thing about a pig is that he never stops squealing from the time he is hit until he is ston

dead. Engineers are not fond of pork.

"It is next to impossible to kill a goat with an ergine. Goats are the most irritating of all animals that gine. Goats are the most fricting of matter how fast won may be running or how quietly you steal down upon him he will see you out of the corner of his eye and mánage to get out of the way just in time to miss the cowcatcher as the engine rushes by him at lightning speed. Cows and horses are generally easily disposed of, though sometimes they get under the wheels and cause a bad wreck. But they are so large that the pilot gets under them and throws them to one side. Sheep are the most pithul of all animals to run down. They seem to resalize the danger that they are in and huddle together in the middle of the rails and await death. Their great innocent eyes stare at you so mournfully and sadiy that they hannt you for days to come. A locomotive seems to take savage delight in destroying sheep. She throws them in every direction and will kill a whole flock in an instant. I struck a flock of geese once. Well, I never thought there were so many feathers in the world. I coukh't see anything the station my engine looked as if she had received a coat of far and feathers. Hello! There goes my bell; I must leave you," said the "knight of the footboard" as he sprang into the cab and started the train out of the station on its journey to the West. wander along a railroad track. No matter how fast

AN AMERICAN CONSUL WHO LIKES RORBERS.

"Let me tell you a good story of Yankee pluck, said a prominent business man to a reporter, recently "It is about my friend James Springer, acting American Consul at Matanzas, a well-known Cuban seaport town A dispatch came to me yesterday saying that Mr. Springer had been visiting his brother, the American Vice-Consul-General at Havana, and that the other night on going out for a walk he said: "Joe, I like the looks of that stick of yours. If you don't mind I'll take it along with me.' Late that evening, as the Consul was returning through a dark and lonely street two highwaymen armed to teeth, who presented their weapons and demanded his money or his life. Mr. Springer, who is famous throughout Cuba for his coolness and nerve, struck throughout Cubz for his coolness and nerve, struck one of the footpads such a blow with his cane that the fellow's skull was nearly fractured. The other robber was disabled by a second stroke of the good stick, and ran away howling with fear and puin. Mr. Springer has had many adventures of a similar kind in Cuba. A few weeks ago he was being driven in a sort of Victoria through a lonely part of a Cuban town, when his hired coachman turned in his seat, presented a cocked pistol and demanded his 'fare's' money. Mr. Springer's reply was a swinging 'right-hander,' which knocked 'cabby' off his seat into the street, where he was soon arrested by the police."

EXPRESSION IN PLASH-LIGHT PROTURBS. William Grant (a photographer) in a Boston lett

William Grant (a photographer) in a Boston letter to The St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Have you ever noticed in flash-light photographs that the face of the person pictured has something of an unnatural expression, as if a ghost had appeared and the picture was taken while the memory of the vision remained! This isn't true, of course, of the best flash-light photographic work, but the result of the amateur's labor always has this disodvantage, and I may say that even the very best flash-light photograph presents this effect in some slight measure. Most people think, I suppose, if they know anything about the process, that the reason why a flash-light photograph shows a weird glare in the eyes of the subject may be found in the shock that the suddenties of the subject may be found in the shock that the suddenties of the pupils of the eye is due to quite another cause, for the picture is taken usually before the subject has time to change expression. To take a flash-light picture, the operator must darken the room, in order that he may get his focus, and while the room is darkened, the pupils of the subject's eyes, in an effort to get what light there is, naturally expansion. And that's why in flash-light negatives the subject's eyes look like overcoat buttons.

AND A BROTH OF A BOY, TOO.

From The London Globe.

In Barracks.—Plaze, sorr, may I have lave of ab sence? My sisther is after being married."
"Oh. you've got a sister, then?"
"Yes, sorr; there was two of us, a gurl and a bhoy. I was the bhoy, sorr."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

LANGER-NOTABLE LAWSUITS. Paris, October 17.

The discovery of a veritable heroine is not such a common event in these commonplace days as to go unheeded, albeit she be old and weather-beaten. Her name is Louise de Beaulieu, and she lives in a dingy little street near the Central Market. years her occupation has been that of waking up people who wished to get to work early in the morning and were afraid of oversleeping. Every morning, long before daylight, in all seasons and all kinds of weather, she would make her rounds, knocking on the doors of her patrons' houses or stalls, and rousing them so that they could get to work in the market on time. For this service she got a small fee from each, and thus eked out an honest living. Her history is a remarkable one. Before the wa with Germany she was a lady of independent means. Her patriotic enthusiasm led her to enter the army as a vivandiere. Thus she was present at eight important battles, Nanterre, Lebourget, Villiers, Bry-sur-Marne, Champigny, Groslay, Drancy and Buzenfal. In these engagements, at the constant risk of death, she saved the lives of hundreds of wounded soldiers, and spent thousands of dollars of her private means in their behalf. At Champigny, while she was carrying a wounded soldier to an ambulance, she was struck by a shot and lost her right arm. At St. Denis' she was seized by some French soldiers, under suspicion of being a spy. Her aristocratic bearing was what made them look upon her with doubt. her into a hole in the earthworks and rolled powder barrels against the opening to keep prisoner until they had time to try her. The drum-head court martial which was presently held condemned her almost without a hearing and sentenced her to be shot. She showed no fear, but when she was led out asked the favor that her

spared. For her noble services, she received the Military medal, and eight other medals for life-saving. Yet she had lived for years in poverty and utter neglect. She now comes to public notice through her application for a license to peddle matches on the streets of Paris. It is pleasant to observe that the license has been granted.

Among the historic figures of the past that still

eyes might be left free from the usual bandage,

and that she might be allowed herself to give the

word to fire. This fine spirit so impressed one of

the officers that he interposed and had her life

exist, none is more notable than Marshal Canrobert. There has just been made public an episode in Italian history which sheds new lustre upon the famous soldier's name, and which shows how great a debt of gratitude is owed to him by the House of Savoy. Marshal Canrobert, as will be remembered, was the first French commander to lead his troops across the frontier upon Italian territory in the glorious campaign of 1859. Both he and his troops were greatly fatigued by long forced marches, and on reaching the first haltingplace' Marshal Canrobert threw himself on a bed and went to sleep, after giving orders for the men to take a rest. Scarcely had he closed his eyes when an orderly announced the arrival of King Victor Emmanuel, who rushed into the room in a state of the greatest excitement, and; seizing Marshal Canrobert by the hands, implored him to save Turin from the Austrians. They were then only twenty miles from the Piedmontese capital which possessed no fortifications and only a small garrison. The anguish of the King was so great that the French commander consented to open his sealed orders at once to see whether he could comply with the former's wishes. Unfortunately, the instructions distinctly forbade Canrobert to engage the enemy until the other army corps had joined him. On hearing this, Victor Emmanuel burst into tears and besought the French leader to violate his instructions and to cover Turin. Finally Canrobert consented to think the matter over, and to give the King his answer by four in the morning. Weighed down fatigue, he once more dropped off sleep but was again roused, this time by little man with gold spectacle This stranger turned out to be Signor Cavour, who had come to support his Royal master's appeal. This was too much for the Marshal's good-nature, who dismissed the statesman summarily. After mature reflection Canrobert decided to violate his orders, and at 4 o'clock his troops were marching on Turin, which the Austrians prudently refrained from attacking!

While ex-King Milan is negotiating a loan from a Russian bank, to stave off his most pressing creditors, Queen Natalie is concluding a four years lease of the famous Villa Ruiz, at Biarritz. This place is the property of the Marquis de Gijalba, and for twenty years has been one of the most active centres of political intrigue and agitation in the country. The Marquis de Gijalba himself entertained there innumerable statesman and political leaders, including men of all parties. His great wealth and high social and political rank made him a delightful host. The villa itself is situated in the centre of a vast park of noble old trees, and is one of the most attractive spots imaginable. It will be equally suited to Queen Natalie's uses, whether she wants rest and retirement, or whether she wants to form conspiracies and conduct a political campaign. The report has been widely circulated that

General Boulanger's daughters, who were disinherited by him, intend to contest his will. Mme. Boulanger and her daughter Helen are about to go to Tunis to visit the other daughter, Mme. Driant, and it is said that the three will discuss the case and decide upon the line of legal action to be taken. But according to "Le Figaro," there is no foundation for such rumors. General Boulanger, it says, left everything, except a few cepsakes for friends, to his niece, Mile. Mathilde Grifflth, whom he appointed his universal legatee. One clause of the will calls upon the general's daughters to respect their father's last wishes, if they wish me to forgive the evil they have done me." This, according to "Le Figaro," refers to the refusal of Mlles. Boulanger to join their father at Brussels when, hoping to obtain a divorce, be asked them to leave their mother and live with him. "We entreat you," they wrote, "to reconcile our respect for our mother with our love for you": but the general's reply to their letter was of such a nature as to put an end to all intercourse between father and daughters. It is stated that the natural heirs of General Boulanger have decided not to contest the will on the condition that the sword, epaulets and decorations of their father

should be restored to them. They also wish to keep the portrait of the general by Debat-This portrait, which was painted in the presence of Captain Driant, at a time when their father's affection had not been alienated from them as it was later through unhappy family dissensions, they claim as an bject which was intended for them, and they have even requested the friends who are entitled. under the will, to select a souvenir, not to choose M. Debat-Ponson's work. On these conditions they will make no opposition to the will, but will respect their father's wishes. Sunday, November 8, is the date fixed for the

dedication of the statue of Gambetta at Ville That is the eve of the anniversary d'Avrav. battle of Coulmiers. There will be a great throng of people present, but the exercises will be simple in character. There will be indeed no ceremony and no demonstration. The committee which has erected the statue will hand if over, in a dozen words, to M. Ives Guyot, or perhaps M. Bourgeois, who will as briefly accept it on behalf of the Government. One of the most remarkable masterpieces of the

confectioner's art ever seen is now on exhibi-tion here. It is the work of one M. Baroneret, and is a miniature reproduction of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It cost its maker and his assistants no less than seventeen months of labor, and is made entirely of sugar, the white of eggs, and other materials used by confectioners. The

fidelity. The spire, the towers, the pil the windows, the deligate the heads of the monsters which form the LONG-LOST HEROINE-CANROBERT-BOU. The same scrupplous are exactly copied. been taken with the interior. If you look the the great west door you see the high altar the chapels, the statues, and the mossies church is lighter by gelatine, as Norte Dane is by its windows, in the daytime, and at night by church is lighter by gelatine, as Norte tiny gas chandeliers. .

A curious story comes from St. Petersbarg

which is of greet, interest in Paris, where on metics of countless varieties are so freely me There has just been decided in the Russ tal a lawsuit, in which the wife of a high even officer sued one of the most fashionable has dressers of the city for breach of centres, evidenced in his failure to dye her hair on the one hand and for serious injury done to be head on the other. It appears that Mad Soosloff entered the defendant's establish August 31 and expressed a desire to have & color of her hair "corrected," declaring it to siderably in advance of her years; she bis still brisk, lively, and only forty-two, while be hair was already a silvery-gray. The artist and took, for a moderate consideration, to impart an color to her locks, and it was agreed operation should take place. The lady took be seat in an armehair before a mirror, and on of the assistants began to rub her her and hair with a whitish preparation, which he took to smearing it which he took to smearing it with another substance "of a vague, indefinite tolk, which caused me horrible pain." The opening in reply to the lady's exclamations, endeavoned tranquillize her with the assurance that "the the way with them al!"; that the pain was count by the preparation, killing out the old colo imparting the new. Still, he did not seen quite satisfied himself, for he summoned the propriete and the two whispered anxiously together for some time at the far end of the room. When the operator resumed the work, Mme. Socsloff, glancing at herself in the mirror, was petrified to see be hair standing on end, and, on touching it, to much herself that it was really hers, to see it fall out as if it had no roots. Horrifled at the sight, and maddened with the pain, she started out of the chair, and rushed to the police station, when the doctor moderated her excitement and soothe her pains. Some policemen were then disputed to seal up the offending cosmetics and forward them to the Board of Medicine, which declared the contents of one of them to be fused nitrate of silver, and the other a preparation in which sulphuric acid was a too prominent ingredient. At the trial it was proved that the lady's bear

had suffered very grievously from the action of these dyes. At first it swelled to a monstree size, most of the hair falling out, while the trees that remained assumed a repellent green tint, and also began to fall out. The lady whose closely shaven head was covered with a wig, requeste the court to compel the defendant to supply be with a wig at once, and to attend to her hair every day until it grew as long as before. To cosmetics, which bore the appropriate names of "Blond-blond" and "Drops of Heavenly Dew," could not possibly have caused any inconvenience to Mmc. Socsloff, who was suffering previously from some skin disease. This angallant ple having been completely disproved, the court fined the defendant in the sum of fifteen dollars.

New-York's great thief-catcher stood on the sidewall in Sixth-ave., near Thirty-fourth-st., on a recent ever ing, quietly smoking a eighr and apparently looking at nothing in particular. What he was waiting for did not appear for several minutes, and in the intervaa ragged little newsboy ran up to him with a number of unsold papers, and uttered his familiar cry, each to find a customer. A pair of eyes that a crimina often fears to look into were bent on the urchin with a kindly glance, and a voice that can be graff enough at times had a tone as soft as velvet a in the child's cars: "Well, sonny, how are you making out to night."

WARM CORNER IN THE INSPECTORS HEART.

much do you make selling papers of a

vening ?" 'A quarter, some nights." "What do you do with the money !"

"Gives it to me mudder." "Umph! Sure you don't spend come of it is

andy or cigarettes ! Nope, me mudder needs it." "What does your father do?"

"He's dead." "Umph! Pity you have to be out so late selling

How many have you got there !"

"If I buy them all, what will you do !" "Go home to me mudder."

"Sure you won't buy a ticket to a theatre?"

"Nope, 'deed I won't."

"Here, then, give me the papers."

A handful of change was placed on the boy's pain

nd he darted away as if he were afraid the custome and he deried away as if he were arraid the cusomer might repent of the bargain. Inspector Ryrnes stod-iolding the roll of papers in his hand until he caush sight of a detective-sergeant riding uptown on a horse car. Then he swung himself on the car without stop-ping it, and, by the merest accident, dropped the paper on the muddy track.

SAUCE A LA TARTARE. G. A. Sala in The London Sunday Times,

G. A. Sala in The London Sunday Times.

The wittiest and the wisest of the Rismarckian sayings known to me is the following: An illustricus Eritish diplomatist and pro-consul, still happily extent, being accredited Her Majesty's ambassedor at St. Petersburg, thought it would be expedient which passing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin to pay a visit to Prince Bipassing through Berlin through Berlin to Prince Bipassing through Berlin through Bipassing th

A PROVIDENTIAL DISPENSATION.

From The London Daily Graphic.

A curious story comes from Wenghsiang. The town suffers from inundations of the Yellow River, and two years ago a movement was started by the local magistrate to build a breakwater. The chief difficulty his in the want of sufficiently large stones. Suddent, however, to the astonishment of the community, a heavy storm of wind and rain deluged the country, and brought down an endless quantity of huge stones exactly suited to the purpose. The people naturally regarded the incident as a direct manifestation of divine power in aid of a great public undertaking and the Governor of the district cites a fact which conclusively proves the supernatural origin of the event. One of afthe stones, he says, which was as large a house, was inserthed with seal characters, two divinely, meaning "work" and "stone" respectively, he was able to decipher.

WHO HAS NOT HEARD THIS BEFORE?

From The London Globe.

The modern pronunciation of Latin gives rise as some little misunder-standings now and then vielsally comes out as Wekkssim, and thereby hance a tafe. A certain worthy professor was engaged in hearing the case of young fadles construe, and when they came that the word in question it was rendered thus: Wekkston the word in turns." "My dear ladies a said the excellent bon, "I wish you would."